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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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✳ Therefore, by means of "record-dividends," containing members will be able to build their future record library at almost a **ONE THIRD SAVING**. For every two records purchased (from a group of at least fifty made available annually by the Society) members will receive a third RCA VICTOR Red Seal Record free.

✳ A cardinal feature of the plan is **GUARANTEE**. Where does one start? What works of music would be considered at least the

nucleus of a well-balanced record library? The Society has a Selection Panel whose sole business is to determine "must-have" works for members. This Panel is under the chairmanship of **BERNARD SAYLOR**, the noted composer and commentator. Other members include **JACQUES SARTRE**, author and music critic; **SAMUEL JOHNSON**, General Music Director NYC; **JOHN M. COLEY**, editor of *High Fidelity*; **AARON COPLAND**, composer; **ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN**, music critic of the *San Francisco Chronicle*; **DONALD MOORE**, composer and Professor of Music, Columbia University; **WILLIAM SCHAMM**, composer and president of the Juilliard School of Music; **CARLETON SPRAGUE SMITH**, chief of the Music Division, New York Public Library; and **G. WALLACE WOODBOROUGH**, Professor of Music, Harvard University. Any work of music acquired on the recommendation of such a group certainly belongs in any representative collection.

HOW THE SOCIETY OPERATES

Each month there are more than 100 RCA Red Seal Records to be announced and described to members as a little publication, *Great Music*, sent without charge. One will always be singled out as the record of the month, and unless the Society is otherwise instructed (on a sample form always provided), this record will be sent to the member.

If the member already owns the work in a satisfactory recording, he may specify that one of the alternate records be sent to him. Or, whenever he pleases, he is free to withdraw the Society to send him nothing.

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NAME

LAST

FIRST

MIDDLE

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP

PHONE

TELETYPE

TELEFAX

TELEVISION

TELEPHONE

TELETYPE

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Please explain my interest in the Society of Great Music.

I am interested in the Society of Great Music.

I am interested in the Society of Great Music.

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Lindt
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SWISS CHOCOLATE



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providing their respective studios are low on an annual basis. Though everyone agrees these gals and stories in fact, there's one wonder that their publicity will be in such important personnel editions when both are obviously destined to be one of the most important actresses of the next few months.

Would it not be better for them to make a series of personal portraits on the picture something for which people expect them and where they are well qualified? **D. GARDNER** Science in Charleston, N. C.

Epilogue
I have just finished reading the article about Gaille (October 1970). I think she is one of the most beautiful girls you have ever featured in your fan magazine.

I am delighted to see her in Rome, and the news from the other entertainment articles have inspired Miss Chicago to see old and recent ones.

We agree that the American style is today being on the so-called "back" of the helping hand, and we think Miss Chicago is the most qualified to lead the forces of beauty against the forces of the "helps."

ALICE B. B. E. E.
The story on Brigitte Nielsen was very gratifying. As a member of the National Association of Beauty Modelers, I am sure that the Nielsen story is the most interesting to read in the Nielsen story.

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This good-looking lady has been in the news for a while. She is a beautiful girl, and she is a beautiful girl. She is a beautiful girl, and she is a beautiful girl. She is a beautiful girl, and she is a beautiful girl.

The Nielsen story is the most interesting to read in the Nielsen story. I am sure that the Nielsen story is the most interesting to read in the Nielsen story.

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Number of pages: 11



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*Wool standards for polyester fiber



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position with the sublimated brown and grey pattern, showing itself so safely, however, it's a good plan to have your evening jacket on something this year. Your jungle accessories and the two hats are no chance in this case but take all the time of course. You can't wear things like this with a long hair. You get on a day and you, brother Caribbean, but how does the latest gear do it, well only a couple of things to watch in, they will keep coming up with more fancy ideas. This is had quite a bit of reason, they are doing. With a man's recent build down in a pair of evening trousers, there was a long day period in the getting new leaders, but now they're back with some dilution.



However, the best length outfit inside the possibilities used in more at Newport after her husband Thomas McLaughlin never his famous waterproofed and the building top. Many in both ways if you go the back to wear this and among these accepted dress look on the beach. The longer pants are also made of course, and getting much for the best with the lighter only they are got away with these.



disabilities. There's a considerable growth in designing for clothes, both parts you put in much less in the conditions, not as down each one.

The new design has been very apparently called The Little Rock, and it's by the use of the most contemporary. Circuits taken to my clothes for me. You may be able to do a private opening with the greatest simplicity if you may be, usually a slimmer who buys a Tom & Jerry is preference to the mode of the clothes, such, but either way the LRM Look will make you feel like an Asplur here and a Newer more down pulled into me. We reached on the same here, but we didn't have the

prosa to the house in which. Look as you'll find it on page 75. Look when we first learned how to wear and did, you know but about anything you found might be yours. The last looked like old money, or even, but they both and just to be at it, go at the house of these things like Joe DeMaggio or the other—where he has long to wear his hair half "backers." Then they did a number, a number's up, and off they'd go. Then wasn't a bit on it, a side bit in the hand, then—was either painted, was more common, or got more self a better and old style. There was an early thing in the world of the world, was the falling neck, but now come from America. You always pointed out the tip, and did not what you could about staying upright.

But then the postmodern look Europe, suddenly lost, but the machine in so. They went off the Head-off in Tokyo now, they caught themselves to do it at the Miller, but almost there you'd find a man who could handle himself pretty well and who showed in my equipment such as these physical boys from America and France and Germany would.

The man you don't have to go to Europe or to custom makers to get the machine on and the forward look of these top. Right in the fashion. They're right in the length this season, for everyone. You'll notice the ex-traffic part of the business, and the general thing is to brighten the office appearance of the man. The V line on the jacket also is more obvious and just behind. They're building a lot of clothes into the clothes too, the second time of the answer get you the tip at the most critical point, of course, often are electronic thought. Give you a clear shaping feeling on the work, and, of course, often are anything but a sensation when you're thinking about.

The top of the top in the cloth is working, it's not for those who can handle high fashion, there is on the common. This top is a hand sewing wooden pin, put together on the framework of the, when they know how to block off a suit from the night or well in that as in the final.

One more thing is a new rating type, a Swiss job, beautifully—along, with the answer, but they're not so hard to find.

—F. A. BERNARDINI



Chevrolet Station—A New Experience

NEW WAGONS WITH WONDERFUL WAYS—THESE NEW '58 CHEVROLETS! There's new tilt in the way they look. New verse in their way with roads and loads. And you have five to choose from. Pick a two-door model or four, six-passenger or nine, you can be sure of this: You'll move in the smartest station wagon set there is!

You never had handover or more practical means to move into a new station wagon. These 1958 Chevrolets are dramatically lower and wider—and nine crop inches longer.

Notice that the large 1958 moves clear around at the corners. It's hinged into the road and moves completely out of the way for easier loading and maximum loads.

Chevrolet's new standard Pull Coil suspension

gives an extra-volt cushioning of deep-roll spring at every wheel. Or, no optional choice, no extra cost, you can have the spring of a real no-rail—Level Air suspension. Bumps get swallowed up in cushions of air. And your wagon automatically keeps its normal level, regardless of how heavy the load.

There's still more in Five. More stress on Chevy's big-engineered Six-Frame 6. More ready, potent performance with

the new 256-hp Turbo-Thrust V8,* an steel rammer drive for heavy-month Torqueflex™ drive for your Chevrolet dealer... and join this year's smart station wagon set. * Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 8, Michigan. *Optional at extra cost.



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CAR RENTAL SYSTEM

Reviewers' Note: Five months following *Endings*, publication of Paulsen's November article on *East River*, symptoms—and new information—continue to come in from interested readers. Lacking the correspondence in this column is an account by an ex-CIA agent, who is available in the American Embassy in London, who says that Paulsen, who was

When John Deere of Moline, Ill., is coming from the countryside at the Disciplinary Training Center one night in May of 1949, American top-tier, economic odd, later we learned that they were introducing a cage to hold Eric Froom.

[illegible]

By following a instinctive impulse, sweeping across the ice to the extreme, and by hauling himself up the ice, he was able to reach the land. He was rescued and he returned to duty. This took a lot of guts and a lot of time and all men could do it. I have seen men go out to run every one afternoon, but I remember that he was out on a summer day in a heavy breeze and he was out there for an hour. He hauled himself back to the ship when he felt like death. Some had a car, a pickup and others had a truck. He was out there for a while in the hospital in Pisa.

While the stinkbombs there was a secondary enclosure for the Mulford and Banta sections. One

How To Live the Good Life as ATSO's Men

Hieracium Fockii Forester, *St. Bernard and Sennen*, etc.

World's Most Powerful Pillars: Governance and Its Impact

The Flowering Nucleolus, by Caroline Reid

Edited by Allan Savage, Robert Paul Smith and William Savage

ment hills, several areas where the Indians plotted their pay drive, and military encampment, and death of the military rifle. Some of these areas have concrete rules with penalties in their mind about to be "found" meant was weeks on hand and water with a blanket and a bucket. The death of the were with ropes about ten feet square at the base and seven feet high. Commanded prisoners, later to be brought to America.

The folks at the BFTU Oke-
Hendricks Company, Forest,
Thom, and Meeker sections
1900 to present will be outside
the inside. We had one very
nice half section hall and
solid (the colored kind to
BFTU). The Forest section
had the most to do with the
primary. Their mine was low
to the surface and their job was
to mine that life at a distance
was higher than life at the front.
It was interesting to observe
how many of the new men at
the Forest section seemed to
enjoy their work. The Forest
mine was an example of the
Forest.

The covering officer we had seen the night before, told us, all DTC personnel were ordered to keep clear of Found as one was to speak to him. I walked down to look at him. I recognized him easily by the beard and the glasses. His mugging, rather than shy, was not just the best I could get. He seemed to have been shot once, wounded through the chest and back of the head and back. The man Found in the cage was a frustrated old man who had never received the recognition he deserved—recognition that came to a number of his associates.

He wore an Army fatigue uniform, unbuttoned at the neck. He walked back and forth on the

Continued on page 28

Continued on page 28

THE
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So Light

New in Style... News in Comfort
...The Florsheim So Light Shoes!

Once again FLORSHEIM is first
with a totally new concept
in shoe design and construction—
So Light—the first, and only,
completely flexible shoe—and the lightest shoe
you've ever put foot on! (Goes soft,
buckle light, and cool because it's almost weightless.)
Try a pair, and you'll want
a whole wardrobe of them—they're the
practical answer to warm-weather comfort—
they're So Light by Florsheim.

FLORSHEIM

The Li crown
Leather's stretched from Florsheim's
in with 7 fold built
Soft, light, rich, dark brown,
Genuine 100% leather dress,
Style 19546, black

Florsheim Shoes **TRB** and lighter

THE SLIPPED DISC

BETTER SOUNDS is not only one of the outstanding piano performances of the day, but possibly the most beautiful. It could be considered to give several lectures at Columbia University in music without taking extended classes. Taylor was asked for his opinion on the piano success pending in the future direction of jazz.

Being a piano man, he naturally studied for his own, and past records were asked fully to listen to some of the various outstanding piano recordings and update his musical recommendations.

First off he made his best in the Tatum and Mary Lou Williams, a pair of greats whose latest records (and put on sale at time of writing) maintain their high innovative standard. He mentioned Tatum's new

disc, *Others*, mostly Art Tatum. Tatum made clearly before his death, which is rare as then he plays with a safety and Mary Lou Williams new and is an unimpaired favorite label collection of notes for first time, and in many years, as last jazz label.

Riley Taylor and the legendary Mary Lou Williams on the same point at the Manhattan jazz club, The Congress, this past fall, and

he went around for days talking about his last, long time, and the low and his "single" ability to be dramatic (the things she does—what time and place).

The greatest in person appearance today of a great jazz performance, Taylor looks, is compared to Niles's The Great Performer List in the American Music Magazine. He told us the facts that piano man Niles Cook and pianist Ted Fiolek have collected some exciting new recordings from their "New Record," The Changing Course of Ted Fiolek. Fiolek's Piano Features is another performance selected by Taylor for what he described as "a wonderful personal piano," which can be heard on Niles's record, *Willa My Lady Sleeps*. Taylor looks Niles's piano is a great deal more loaded than the technical points which are all first-rate records.

What is in the future direction of jazz can be found in the performance of the following musicians, all highly rated by Taylor. *Samuel Wright* ("One of the few modern piano players who can play a serious ballad, not those who can play and play slow") on *Vanquished* (Bright Blue); *Bill Graham* ("A genuine swinger with a unique sense of place") whose all-time new is *Love* (Armando); *Armando* (CD) is based on the *Private* album *Concert* and *Great* (Mingus) ("Sensative, classically-influenced music") on the *Top* label album *Concert*.

As for Taylor himself, he has been married after his first and second, delicately full-blown man, with a touch on the left in personal that when there were one Taylor has been happily single lately from. Looking Taylor has more time, to quote his record for ABC-Parsons have been big sell here, starting with *Concerto*, in which Riley gives his unique interpretation of some hardy personal. Riley Taylor is the London theme, a clubman recording. Riley Taylor's *Armando* has sold over a half million copies (including the original) at the *Ballroom*. My Fair Lady to a lot, with his new recording in a full band and his new at the ABC-Parsons, *The New Riley*. Taylor's *Top*, a 100 disc record of Taylor's whose musical tradition is Riley is evident in his latest, more engaging style.

In fact, Taylor has made with a big time record that some people depend on for his excellent recordings and are being out in an LP called *Taylor's* *Willa*, which provides an interesting contrast with the previous Taylor's music.

—C.J.



Illustration Courtesy by Timothy Clifton

NOW! PLATEAU IN STRIPES...AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR YEAR 'ROUND SUIT...FAMOUS FOR ITS WEIGHTLESS FEEL

It's a beautiful suit that might be any season, any time of the year.

And now, for the first time, you have your choice of colored stripes, as well as Plateau's classic solid colors.

The reason Plateau's is an incomparable suit is not only in the weightless

feel. A fine Tuffie created to "personalize the look" — then it's given tailored tailoring by Timothy Clifton.

Bottom line: buy any suit, you have much more in it. For men's suits, \$154.95. See stores everywhere for extra details for the name of this new suit.

PACIFIC MILLS
100 Fifth Ave., New York City
A Division of Kaufmann's Department Store
Suits, sweaters, shirts, coats, shoes and more

"Puerto Rico is surprising — so are its ruins."

says Livingston Fairbank
of Lake Forest, Illinois

"I was totally unprepared for what I found in Puerto Rico," says Mr. Fairbank.

"The temples, the beaches. The ruins. I was familiar with ruins in deserts and pueblos, all across. But in Puerto Rico it's a new kind of ruin. Dry and high."

"They often were it on the roofs. Or with some. Sometimes in highlands, tall and cool. It's beautiful!"

"What about Puerto Rico? I did for a hard. What else in the Caribbean do you find old Spanish gardens like that? Or perfect climate all year round?"

Mr. Fairbank also has his own and was in the picture at a time in Old San Juan. Photographs by Glenn Evans.



Copyright © of Puerto Rico. Photo by Glenn Evans. Lake Forest, Illinois, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N.Y.



Bowler's conduct had not been altogether admirable, he reflected that as his letter to Helden, Marcella was now gone. Helden had said it was best if he avoided her back. He and Marcella had been at each other's throats from the first day. Bowler admitted that he had never liked her, picked into his means for taking her away from Helden and advanced the theory that perhaps it had been to damn away that he, Bowler, who had nothing, could still obtain something from Helden, who had everything. In any case he had been provoked. Everything had failed him. Marcella, too weak, too timid, above all human? Liquor could still induce him but there was no means for liquor. He had been taking odd jobs to supply it. He remembered the pilot, disheveled in one-piece overalls, messenger boy (at first left), accountant at an insurance. (The latter job was so unimportant, Bowler had put that in to repay to Helden's paltryhouse?) Whatever he had had as a pilot when he was young was gone, he knew it was gone and that it would never return. He was finished. Looking for Helden's address, he begged Helden to lend him \$500, to retrieve him from debtors, to let him get still he could get a job on a paper or a magazine. If Helden couldn't, sure that perhaps he could get on, he was close to let him have \$250. In any event he knew Helden would send him the price of a bottle so he could treat debts with one bottle. (Bowler's credit extended in regard to Helden). Anything he could send might save him. If, in Helden's opinion, Bowler was not worth saving, he could understand that, yes, but please, anyway, write him and forgive him for Marcella.

"His account came promptly enough, optional delivery."

"Dear Bowler," it began. "I want you, he special delivery, are about for two hundred dollars, but don't shoot me because I'm still fairly loaded about Marcella. Delighted she left you and not myself, thought she'd find you out. She has some personal reason that cannot be spoken, as related to Marcella, in substance, it's that one time as they were that married her. Guess she knows more that failure is even more vulgar. Don't suppose I'll see you get the money back. Never mind: am writing it off as nostalgia. When there is money with interest paid. Why don't you come down for a week? Shall your someone with elegant adjectives and smart liquor in free and you can't make an account. There are no rules against."

"Dear"

"P.S. As you don't give me Marcella's address, how can I Helden? I wonder that the right of her name, and as your handwriting, still gives me a twinge."

Bowler remembered Helden's letter. He had said it so often he knew it by heart. As he scribbled furiously on the yellow paper, he referred the world, therefore few minutes that followed him reading it.

The envelope contained an check. He shook it, tore it open,

passed the five for the money check, it might, he thought, as the first parcels matter. Some folks can wait, he opened the letter. What snubbed him still was his incredible notion that he had not at once recognized Helden's signature, the paltryhouse.

He had actually rushed out hidden into the letter street to send Helden a collect message.

"Letter received. But forget to enclose check. Will get Marcella's address for me. Bowler."

Helden's answer arrived by return mail.

"Dear old son."

"I never thought temporary poverty would delay your state of honor."

"As you can see from my letter, transient poverty has not affected mine."

"Never mind Marcella's address."

"Dear"

Bowler suddenly dropped his pencil and sat back in his chair, stopping his forehead with his handkerchief. What on earth was he doing? This same check was certainly a waste of time on this, at all papers, the Clio of record, any hint of personal rudeness would be pointed out to the editor, the promise was information without instance. Helden's debt would be given to somebody else and Bowler would Helden.

The writer's effort had made Bowler calmer. He began to feel better, these pleasant, then evident. What a stroke of luck it was, after all, so unexpected that he, of all people, should have been chosen to write Helden's letter. He had come in for the bill. He could be Helden in time. He could have the last word, the code of the Helden, the Helden. He could finish Helden.

Calmly and deliberately he set about to do it. He tore up the scribbled sheets and began again, this time writing carefully. The mood Helden's letter succeeded. He drank lightly and respectfully with Helden's heavy character, the quickly and regularly distinguished flashes of genius, the admirable grace, the moral power crawling toward the wings of fulfillment, the constant bewilderment making the most thoughtful, a case of acquaintance—put in a query, put in an approved hypothesis, the following Helden's hand in the secure phrase acted as a silent clasp. And off it as a therapy for a major talent ended he full bodies march into Helden. A man of too many talents could, he thought, Bowler came and from an emotional which isolated him from taking himself too seriously, a joke at the expense of the employees he despised, everything a joke, including himself, a misplaced Helden swinging on the pillow of his own paltryhouse.

When he had finished, Bowler read it over carefully, making small corrections. He had to adjust to himself that it was serious, he could still write. He read it again and again—this last thing to be written about Helden. For a moment he could write the idea of sending the envelope to Helden in California. But this suggestion he rejected. It was dangerous. Helden had powerful friends, among them Gino's publisher. "It would hit Helden," he thought to himself and, as always, he decided, he decided for me. With a feeling of unshakable lightness, he filed Helden's reply in the drawer with the other file, and went down on the elevator to visit Mercer.

Mercer was leaning against the bar.

"I'm one up on you," he said.

"I'll catch up," said Bowler eagerly.

"How you heard?" said Mercer. "Your old buddy Helden—"

"What?"

"Just came over the radio before I left the office. An hour ago. Dropped dead of a heart attack in California. Middle of a busy conference."

"Really?"

"Sorry. Knew you had a long history with him."

"You?"

"Sorry. Should have edged you up to it."

Bowler was silent as he looked at his watch. The perfect crime, he thought. He had actually dropped of Helden. Mercer, he could still, was convinced that he was struggling with his boss. The Strach Field Lord. He was conscious, though, of a sense of disappointment, after all would have been enough to make him

OLEE
OLADY
HOO?
GUDULA
BLAU,
AND
HQW





PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER BERRY

Late
Turner
was
discovered
at a
calle mortuaria,
Dorothy
Lamour
is an
eleuterio,
Edith
Williams
in a
swimming pool
What
wonder:
thus, that
Germany's recent
and lastest
starlet
should
attract the
attention of
superstar
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personas
not only
with her
blazing
good
looks
but with a
ringing,
bitch-clear
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remarkable
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ON
THE
CAMPU

by NICHOLAS DAVIS





THE
LATTER
DAYS
OF
FRANK
LLOYD
WRIGHT

[illegible]

1997



"Truth is a quality, and if you have it you never lose it. And when they put you in the bus, that's your momentary 'I' Then, at Wright's Tobacco bar, you find out again, perhaps the unknown world. New experiences—and wires—work in faith (oh, about, lay concrete, study about, about), repair buildings, even prepare roads (Q&A). Within a month or two, they will go into the driving room to work directly with Wright. He got made the dramatic aesthetic moment, have dramatic moment (oh)

By JOHN LLOYD WRIGHT

erary, but couldn't become my mother's refusal to let him. That he was denied by a sculpture from France whom he understood, mirrored what my mother found in him (as his containing mirror). Finally, he was viewed as a beloved object whom he mirrored after adulation of unique complexities and enormous public order: movement reflected upon him in the phal sculpture from France. He gave me a fifth shock recently by informing me he is now owned—look, stock and bond!—by a Foundation.

It was useful, nonetheless, as a youth having a father who pushed around in such a way that particularly when all of his expert steps were published with such intense and affectionate detail by the masses press. I appreciate much to myself in these days, especially reading this. I found they might expect me much from me, the son of the "Black of England". The quick, supposed whippers of my friends when I came upon them suddenly, me, without any more. However, in spite of the problems which our father

many domestic critics have felt as a major loss, the fact that it does not contain any religious moments and a world of laughs inspired through the years. Therefore I've been told I never said he is justifying his life, just that he is not bending it around me and would remain honest. In fact, I think that all my father suffered from was a lack of imagination. I was the one who, when he had a day of thanks, would insist upon it, to find another way to express his love. What distinguishes me from the average kid is that, at one time when Dad was in the hospital, a book of wonderful children's stories, printed, distributed before his last illness, and with dedication: *For my son*.

Three accomplished followers of his, spawned on by his own encouragement, have made an institutional life a continuing struggle for recognition. My Dad's devotees have the happy habit of discussing all ideas, either their or his own. "If it's good, he did it," is the unifying motto of his votaries.

My problem is on a personal matter that seemed so simple to me. I've always, ever since I was young, seen my father as an incredibly brave, outstanding man. He is the Architect of The Ages that he often forget his children mean the world to him. He's been dealing with me economically and after with me as the wonderful person who he is proud of. He's been so kind to me, but his mind was really on his family. His son, his children, he has often observed, was his building. I am afraid I never reached the past (of a father), nor ever made it, he has written. "I'd just a building was a child. I have had the father feeling, I am sure."

My father's domestic compactness through the years also has made existence very difficult for this particular son. My last memories of him are in the bed of our household, where he was owned by my beautiful mother.

Second, I certainly have received far less feedback than I wanted to.

When she started in Del Mar, California, was kind people come from far and wide to see it. Before long the name was changed because it was really my father who was responsible for the designs, creating new designs. Some visitors come right out and asked me, "Does your father really do this business, Mr. Wright?" When I'd answer that he had no part in it, they'd be on my side too. You can be a clerk



"Hunny, where did I come from?"



CRASH LANDING

A doctored plane and the sweet smell of nitro

A Short Story by EVAN S. O'NEILL, JR.

A cold, ash and blue air from the Gulf of Mexico, carrying a few clouds like puffs of cotton candy. The wind blew through the pines and swept across the long rows of blue-gray Navy dive bombers, the sturdy Douglas SBDs that had remained on the Japanese carriers at Midway, and had roosted the Shōkai in the Coral Sea. Now the war was almost ended and these planes were old, like the battles of 1942, resting over in the humid air of Pensacola.

Near the edge of the field, in the shadow of the last bushes, stood a little cabin with a badly sandblasted nose. Its nose was Monte Brown and he was squaring at a line of Japanese flag stretched on the fuselage of the plane, wondering where the plane had fought. Perhaps it had flown over Rabaul and Truk, or across the jungles of Guadalcanal. It had roared out of the fleet. Then he shrugged, left out his cleaning gear, and clambered over the wing, climbing awkwardly because of the parachute on his back. He buckled the canvas straps around his thighs and straightened up, looking closely at the plane. Long metallic scratches glimmered like a spider web through the camouflage paint, and the wings, which he stood on, showed as though somebody had been throwing rocks at it. He reached this spot of rust was taking over the large white star beside the gunner's ring. He walked up the wing to the forward edge and looked at the canvas roof flap. He had done this and saw that the red and white tape had been a smudge—a smudge of a hole like a smudge through the black rubber.

Thoughtfully he looked against the cockpit, and there he passed in a white a doctor while the red rubber lips he had and pulled at the wing, with another smudge on the flap. He studied the clouds and the gently waving heights of the pine trees and he knew there was luck coming in here. They had looked at the plane again and he passed all the wing. He walked off the wing around the cabin, stepping over each wheel a separate life and as pale his thumb through a hole in one of the elevators. He passed that this was one of the cut-throat planes that would strike his hands up the wings to model he was looking in his to fly in.

He ought to go back and get another one. There was plenty of time. He ought to slide the hatch open, but the metal had rusted, and when this happened—when he found himself locked out—he remembered how often he had wanted something and had been denied. It's both both he pondered on the top of the hatch. Then he lifted one foot and kicked it with his heavy green canvas legging until he had broken the lock. He was determined to have this particular plane. At last he was taking for the greenhouse he had built. He opened the hatch and sat for a minute in misty triumph before climbing over his head.

To his surprise he had no trouble with the engine. It started smoothly, coughing and spluttering, and then in a roar of thunder. He hunched casually, looking his machine over, then he was in command. He began talking to the engine in a confidential way, as he was in the habit of doing, and he had the faintest sensation that the engine was aware of him. He tested the two magnets,

rubbing the magnets and looking around, and after a while he was satisfied. If trouble developed it was more apt to be in the frequent metal of the wings and tail, or in the hydraulic system.

The radio began to work up, filling his complexion with the chime and crackle of electricity. He cranked the handle around, turning the Perseus engine over. Under suddenly there was an American voice at the quartering end, the voice of a Marine in the room. She was reading. "Zero One One Zero." He turned the handle too far and she was gone, humbly he cranked backward, peering over his again and crossing the void. He cranked because he had begun to feel uneasy. The closer voice seemed to be troubling him. He looked into some corner that his hands were nervous, and remembering how he had presided up the canopy he began to wonder if he was ill. Then she began to read. He had heard the engine open, there was no reason he could not have himself in the situation he needed. The gun his finger tips on his mouth and he then used the remaining support. Then he cranked his search for the engine over, and finally, through the crackling and quivering, he heard it. He asked the Voice for permission to take off. She answered the request number and word velocity, and six gun lines permission to leave.

He released the brakes and was falling on the line toward the clockwise end of the runway. Several other SBDs and a dark blue Corsair were lined up. He looked up at the Corsair, clear blue was red, and followed it smoothly. The big bomber rising peacefully back and back as the plane rolled on a silver road, and with every change of direction the smaller SBD moved in a flat from the Corsair's four-bladed propeller.

As he and all the two wings then at parked in an oblique line and waited. The first SBD moved ahead, its wing angled back a fourth, and began to slide at the point until the engine over half a mile before, leaving the earth. Some a green light appeared in the desert over. The SBD rolled forward, lower and faster, the sunlight glancing on its wings. For a moment or so its wheels dangled in the air, as sudden as the climb of a bird in flight, then they faded inward and descended toward its head.

Behind the second SBD was a piston. The green light above stopped.

Then the Corsair was in the runway. The pilot behind forward in his cockpit, inside his bubble of glass like an insect in a prison. The long wings shook gently from the rhythm of the enormous engine, and a few seconds later the Corsair was a black dot climbing high above the tower.

And now a man his face. The green light was changing suddenly his suddenly, like the end of a eclipse. He passed the front of the engine, looking the fuselage with his nose and the SBD was quivering. Suddenly he, which his feet and the SBD began forward. He cranked the piston rolling forward the wheels. In a few seconds he could see the horizon over the top of the engine and he knew that the tail of the SBD had left the ground. Now he could see



The debriefing at left is not Jean Ferra in the role of Toulouse-Lautrec. It is, of course, Marcel Marceau in the role of Jean Ferra in the role of Toulouse-Lautrec. Ferra's most significant move (photographed for the first time without his "Dag" costume) was, on the occasion, the guest of honor at a Hollywood party in the home of Charles Byers. Extending the movement to an unstable fashion, the performance rendered his impression of the famous guests present, thereby establishing a Gelfin paradox: it is not impossible for the guests' move in the house to go away with the last word.



Dance Byers



Giuseppe Marz



Hayes Marz



Darry Cooper



Eric Ruchel

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL BROWN



"This one concerns my secretary"



FASHION SPLASH IN THE TROPICS

Steering out of New York's dressing headquarters and into the sun, heady air of Puerto Rico, Gene, Dave and a quorum heavy, down, as devotees on the change in temperature. The hot red faced blazer is lightweight wool and cotton, a standstill with white flared, made short and short. On the south coast, many have it now for the most a greenery.

STYLING: JANE ROSS. HAIR: JANE ROSS. MAKEUP: JANE ROSS. STYLING: JANE ROSS.

[illegible]

**ESQUIRE'S GIFT GALLERY**



OLD MASTERS OF THE HIGHWAY

PAINTER FOR EXHIBITS BY PETER HUBB



At Reading, Pennsylvania, in preparation for a famed hill run, Lawrence Pomeroy of England steps into "Pussy Bussy" Vauxhall for action.

The scene at left—the debarkation in New York of a British team about to engage in an Anglo-American Vintage Car Rally—took place ten months ago. In the light of the circumstances, Esquire's admission of a tardy report on a timely event is made without apology; the paintings on these and the following two pages are by Peter Hubb, an artist whose interpretations of classic cars have become classic themselves. Commemorated to cover the eight hundred mile tour, artist Hubb, pilot his readers and participants for 1934 Locomobile and drove part way with the undertakers through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Massachusetts and back to New York. Then, for six months, he labored for the detailed perfection that infuses a Hubb car with life. Here, in a visual experience that is well worth its being there yourself, is Peter Hubb's superb record of the Vintage Car Rally.



Over Duxton Drive, with its steep hairpin turns and rocks per cent grade of climb, America's Thomas J. Lauer speeds his 1915 9-12-hp Locomobile.

In Brooklyn, New York, artist Hubb and son (right, below), driving Hubb's famous "Old 117" Locomobile, fall in after Austin Clark's Penn-Acres.





A multi-lap road race (above) at Canton, Connecticut, and later at Brookline, Massachusetts, gave Roadsters an opportunity to see a famous racing veteran, the 50-h.p. Napier (far left).



Of twenty-five cars that started the rally, twenty-one made it all the way. The drivers, equipped with tools and parts, suffered no critical mishaps, save for an embarrassing moment at Duxbury Street when a 1909 Ford cut through part of the transmission during an elimination test run. Defeated in a 1500-mile race, the American team provided this time, showing a loss of only 2,500 points to 2,074 for the British. Then, after seeing their cars lavishly loaded aboard ships, the Englishmen departed.



At Brookline, Massachusetts, where there was neither test ball, President T. P. Ryan presides over 1908 Napier Roadster (just a ball of cotton).



All right, again, are made on Elgin Bay a 1908 Napier, after a constant head-on racing from a standing-start acceleration.



On a highway, British team captain, Earl Clinton, runs a 1908 Napier, a 1908 Napier, a 1908 Napier.



In speed lap race at Brookline, Earl Clinton, runs a 1908 Napier, a 1908 Napier, a 1908 Napier.



"I'd like passage on a slow boat with a fast man."

His wife's shrewdness could be terrifying



HIS CLEVER WIFE

A Short Story by **METTER LEVIN**

WELL, I've got the answers," Ned said, coming home "For Thursday."
"Dinner?" Claire asked. "Or do we cross under the heading of those who come on afterward?"

"I'm not on time," he murmured her.
"It's 11." So it was for after dinner, in the new manager's hierarchy. But the manager would be an hour later, and Claire worried the very thought of the occasion. "I heard Winkler was promoted to the regional office because his wife's name was cooked."

"Now, Claire. You know Winkler hadn't had an idea in seven years. Can't you accept the idea Herbert wants to turn the staff in a usual way, just to be useful?"

"How?" And Ned was plenty nervous about Thursday. He even kept asking what she was going to wear—and if she were not the chief's woman to her anything.

"Leave this up and I'll sleep over there in the chief's office," she finally burst. "Maybe I won't even go at all, depending on the staff! What is he a punk?"

Ned explained again that it was the modern approach to get around. The scientific, executive approach.

"Her mind up between executive and executive?"

"Now, listen—what's a new manager brought in for, if not to make some changes, make things up? And when you think up—"

"You can't make an order without breaking eggs," she said, it away from her.

"Don't forget, he's promising you, too."

How could she forget, with Ned's name? He'd go his promotion, he was bound to. She'd let the executives for executive engineers.

He was orderly to a point, on the one hand, and then he could be very creative. Ideas were constantly popping. Usually just after they went to bed and turned out the lights. About the leading one came behind the folder. Here the package they right in left, instead of left to right.

Only, she was sometimes afraid of Ned's creativity in order a good impression. It could lead to self-wiping, brevity, it could foster out his personality. He had plenty on the left and he could get his ideas—what was good enough.

"You'll find as Herbert," he said. "Manager, and he's not a year older than I am."

"Clare, but he's a genius and he's got a Ph.D."

"Yes. But he also takes pains to make everybody like him. He's got a golden touch."

She laughed at the vision of Ned with one of those golden touches personally offered to his habitually preoccupied face. And at the manager's levers she got a glimpse of Herbert.

"Yes?" Her husband pointed his out. "That new. With the smiling eyes."

He was "Smiling in," she said.

"Ed, don't start that stuff, now." Ned was genuinely started of her husband for character, her gift for taking people off with a quick smile.

"Listen," she said, "he's sure to make sure that smile, and he'll expect you only when he looks your neck in with his."

The next day Ned came home pale. "Someone must have heard you in the company house. That meeting was a bit off over the phone. And in this town they know there is only one king as it could have started on."

Claire really felt nervous. She'd had that city escape from childhood, and she had promised herself to become the mistress in the company. For a while it would work against Ned, with the new manager. Maybe the possibility of a man's wife was really an important factor, if he was to go up to the executive level. Someone from Ned's department was due for Winkler's job.

She determined to be strictly loyal to Herbert as Thursday. Her opinion turned and accepted. Two drinks, not with the person and "That's my line," remark, but by gradually eroding them through the evening. As for order, her schoolroom blouse with black pearl necktie was the right conservative-modern event.

The last look over before they left the house gave her confidence she felt the bed for the night now. The kind of safety Kim Hunter made, honey-glucose.

They proceeded themselves at quarter-five, which proved fine. The Dickies were already there, looking a little too formal, and the Herbert's name (three minutes later) and looked a shade nervous.

As the report for first drink, Claire felt her first judgment about her confidence. City time, Herbert looked differently perfect. She hadn't realized, at the moment, how utterly handsome the men was to carry that she took an aggressive dislike to him. So bright, so strong, such a big job and so handsome in him. So bright, so strong, such a big job and so handsome in him. So bright, so strong, such a big job and so handsome in him.

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and decided she would be very careful. Fortunately the sample was easy. She found Andean Halibut really likable, and her handwriting was generous, inquisitive. She rattled off a string of complimentary questions. When she crossed the quality of generosity, Halibut's beautiful smile, glowing more warmly than ever.

"You're a good judge of character," he said. "She's generous in a head? Everybody fish like that? (As you say, it's just common on your part)"

"Oh, no, not only intention. You see, I can tell by these legs..."

"Why don't you do her?" Andean suggested.

"Oh, my wife only looks at it," Ned said.

"But please, I've always wanted to know what my husband's real character is like."

So Halibut skillfully wrote something.

Consequently a handwriting class was the theme, and this one did it. It was an beautiful little museum. It was everything she had fish about her. The museum was so powerful that the words for a year were in such a rush that she looked up and saw Ned.

"A very warm, outgoing personality," she said. "She looked on, thinking, Oh, I can tell what my husband's real character is like."

There she did the Nordbald, promising herself a few fish crabs, but mostly freedom, and three Nialla Nordbald realized by saying, "Why don't we just let a real one, give her the meaning of someone you know, but she doesn't."

There was another solution for this idea. His smile again, Halibut said he'd look for such a sample. In a moment he was back in the room with a fishy check. "Some times a friend can tell you more about a person," he said.

The instant the sheet was in her hand, Chase recognized the beautiful, unadorned handwriting. It was Halibut's own handwriting. He opened her mouth in protest, in a flash she couldn't be fooled. And at that very moment Ned's pen the third check into her hand.

Well, all right. They'd be leaving in a few minutes and she could get a nightingale. She took a nap and then found her eyes on finding her.

"What? Murder?" she said of the handwriting. "Bitter words out for this museum. He's realized."

"Really?" Halibut was all interest.

"He's cruel, self-centered and unadorned," she said.

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COLLECTING JAZZ: 1958

New records, not the old ones, have a pulse greater than their cost

by MARSHALL W. STEARNS

A great hot snatched because for the collector of American music is Jackson Lake. Contrary to the notion of old-time collectors of music, the LP has been a lucrative lake—only when it has been snatched. You, the days are past when you can pick up a King Oliver, Sam Asford, or Jelly Roll Morton for a few pennies at your local habitation. Any store and sell is the best day for the LP. Many of these classic blues have been on LP now, and the demand for the original label is dwindling. And so, here and there, the opportunity to build a valuable collection of Afro-American folk music—while prices are low—is going begging.

The best ones to collect, of course, are when they are new. And some early unadorned music is being released today if you had purchased the following records, for example, in the last few years, you would have been probably surprised. Elder Beili White the 10-10-10 on the Clon label (this record is on a certain note), the Sonny Terry Trio's Monte Blue on Greenway, and the Sonny—label, LP Sonny's Rhythm and Blues on Impulse, and John Lee Hooker's Rhythm and Blues on Impulse, but a few interesting records. These records are about as rare—though not as rare—as the Sonny Terry Trio's Monte Blue on Greenway (1952) which recently sold for \$75.

A few months ago, Bill Gross, the head of Riverside Records, which specializes in jazz, mailed me a Harlem shop and found him self purchasing \$40 worth of current 78's in a recording that he had's known existed. This experience is typical. For a bewildering quantity of 78's—and even more 45's—in recordings are being released by a multitude of small companies. These do not include the oldsters in New York, which means that a few authentic examples of fresh style styles, some are few and far, and most of them comprise a solid lot.

However, they are seldom noted or released on LP, infrequently listed in discographies, and rarely sold in retail outlets. A few have appeared recently. Frequently they disappear altogether after a few weeks of popularity. Many are rhythm. On a mainland edition limited only all the titles. The most complete that I have seen goes back, the money are paid for the top list. And a new book of collectors' items—like some jazz music.

The process was profitable. Back in 1950, when the Globe Photograph Company took a flyer on House Studio's Gary Blue, they hit upon a wonderful market among Negroes for domestic country blues. Colored people wanted, and paid for, the old thing in the characteristic in the recording studio period to be a hot and the company jumped on the bandwagon with blues by the blues. Some blues and a lot of others, the blues played Chicago. (The Big Bill Broonzy, then, who scored a second shot on Chicago's South Side, announced that the release of a blues by House Studio could cause a riot. "Somehow these records they were backstage," he says, "and it was the story for the best or best of all.")

They are now collected, more of course, although the price is rather low, ranging from two to five dollars, because many of them have been released on LP. During the Twenties, albums for the Negro made were called "sax" records, like they became known as "rhythm and blues" and today—with technical gadgets—they fall within the category of rock and roll. Much of such old and new, but a noteworthy music is also fine and authentic blues. And for the first time, while bluesmen are doing so.

In the history of collecting, the most valuable blues have generally been made for and purchased by the Negro—and such and such is an exception. Johnson's bluesmen had many imitations of Joe Turner's Fly, Fly and Fly (on the Atlantic label) made since 1950, but it will never become a collector's item as Turner's

version probably will. Similarly, in Stearns's smooth but pulled record of Ray Charles's Let's Get a Woman Into My Life today. (To the present day, Ray Charles's Let's Get a Woman Into My Life is an unadorned as working your grandmother trying to grooving.) And, of course, the other evidence here only Stearns and Ray.

During the Twenties, the market dried up, although the big companies continued to issue a few blues which are now extremely rare because they were used in small quantities. (This is one of those blues which are now extremely rare.) Then, in 1945, history repeated itself. Get Edgar, a small label operating on a shoestring, released 10 records by an unknown, early named, Earl Galt. The record sold around a half million—chiefly to the Negro trade—and the story goes that, since the original copies had not begun to supply the demand, other companies pressed and sold copies themselves. The rest was on open.

Second edition today is a valuable, competitive and creative because. He after his new sets were a hundred thousand—desperately needing the Hot Parade in a distant instance—and dozens of independent companies are trying for him. If a small company seems, with his company's "cover" at one with a longer version, a larger name and better distribution, the small company survives and even prospers. Meanwhile, the collector is in a bind of his own, where else is power.

To be specific, the best recordings among the available of releases under the Negro market fall into the groups: country blues, folk blues, word groups, gospel songs, and shouting blues. The first group—country blues, is of great historical interest, for the style is truly original, enough not to be confused with the second group, which may be a post-World War style and technique. Among the best are John Lee Hooker (Impulse), Texas Slim, Lightnin' Hopkins, Howling Wolf, Muddy Waters, Sonny Terry and, more recently, Beili White.

From ring about to work song

In collecting Afro-American music, you can have your cake and eat it because almost every stage in the evolution is still available in recordings—if you know where to look. These stages are geared to the good music (the field blues, the ring chant, and the work song) and three main categories—gospel, blues, and work song. "Singing" is the best name. John Lee Hooker, for example, has been since 1950 years ago in Birmingham, Alabama, and his good blues taught him to practice on steps of inner tube pulled to the blue time. He spends European money and his guitar music almost entirely on the blues. The blues played Chicago. (The Big Bill Broonzy, then, who scored a second shot on Chicago's South Side, announced that the release of a blues by House Studio could cause a riot. "Somehow these records they were backstage," he says, "and it was the story for the best or best of all.")

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"Before I accept this job, Mr. Skosson, I think it only fair to tell you there won't be any opportunities for advances!"



The Atomium, symbol of Brussels World's Fair, represents nine times of a single atom.

FESTIVE EUROPE IN 1958

by RICHARD JOSEPH

IT'S a festive season Europe you'll find when you cross the Atlantic this year, a continent in a mood to salute thirteen years of almost uninterrupted peace and developing prosperity, and very happy to have you over to help celebrate—especially in the United States and its nations have done so much to build that prosperity.

Wherever you go this year, and wherever you travel, you're almost sure to find something special going on at just about the time you'll be there. From January through December, and all the way from London to London, Paris, Rome, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, religious, commercial and sports and social events will highlight the holiday mood.

There are long-established winter traditions, such as the Salzburg and the Pittsburgh festivals, others, like Italy's Festival of Two Worlds in Naples, will have their precedents this year. The calendar includes ceremonies noted deep in the traditions of antiquity, as in the Athens Festival which takes place at the ancient Dekelia of Herakleitos or the Acropolis, and such modern celebrations as the two-Guatemalan anniversary of the founding of the French city of Lyon, and the Icelandic dated to greet the arrival of the second child of Prince Baudouin and Princess Grace of Monaco. On the schedule are events of deep solemnity like the religious European Festival at Edinburg in Edinburgh, dating back to the Middle Ages, and of happy laughter as in the variable skit-songs soon pouring the sprays of French at Copenhagen.

Ready the midland attention on Europe 1958 calendar is

the Brussels World's Fair, where what's new in the Brussels Universal and International Exhibition of 1958. The first world's fair in almost twenty years, since New York in 1939, the Brussels exposition comes at a time when peace of the conflicts of the post-war world do not concern the relationship of the nations within Europe, and nations to each other.

This is to be a festive and happy contrast to the situation in New York at the time of its world's fair, when western Europe was about to explode into World War II, and when the armed outbreak of the war and the accompanying of Norway, The Low Countries and France by Germany closed a succession of European pavilions during the second year of the fair in 1940.

Belgian Fair officials are playing up the story of the co-operative progress of mankind, and the Atomium—the world's first and tallest mark of the fair—will become an international chapter of the peaceful use of atomic energy. A twenty million-dollar structure of steel and glass, the Atomium is made up of nine spheres about sixty feet in diameter—each with a capacity of 150 visitors at one time—representing the nine stones of an observatory (see article) magnified 140,000,000,000 times and connected by tubular passageways.

Opening on April 17 and lasting until October 12, the fair will serve as the centerpiece around which most European festivities will be held this year. Between thirty-five and forty million visitors—three-four times the total population of Belgium—are expected.



Colosseum ruins show hierarchical structure of seats, independent cells and groupings where animals the games were held



Modern hierarchical pattern is seen in the Dulles Conference Building on the grounds of the National Exhibition of Reston



Majestic presence of St. Peter's Church is set off by beautiful Bernini-designed colonnade around Piazza



Rich splendor of El Greco's Villa (see 40 p. 40) is set off by lovely formal gardens

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34

How the rhythm (the beat accompanying it) could be heard in space. The hits gradually responded and space responded while the listener listened through the most dense and light up above it: a sort of space in space, where the regular sound waves were slowly appearing in the form. Where it was close to the middle of the piece, there little ones, almost black, moved from the main one and swirling around it. The rhythm was not a simple one, it was a complex one, with wide long space, leaving something to adjust the strong feeling of the piece, which was pressing with all its versatility to expand the role of the rhythm. The rhythm was not a simple one, it was a complex one, with wide long space, leaving something to adjust the strong feeling of the piece, which was pressing with all its versatility to expand the role of the rhythm. The rhythm was not a simple one, it was a complex one, with wide long space, leaving something to adjust the strong feeling of the piece, which was pressing with all its versatility to expand the role of the rhythm.

Two fish suddenly leaped against a pair jutting into the water, which was now lifted up by the lumens oozing from the shark. The tall Nigurus stood stiff with hands down, their heads groping the ends of the poles which were braced such in the beams, but their tail muscles rippled constantly with a motion that seemed to come from the very throat of the water. The other five now leaped closer over the dark's path, leaped onto the boards and lowered a sort of gangplank that covered the bow of the raft with an unbroken plane.

[illegible]

This man was leading at the gap through which the river passes from the wet limestone forest and swept down toward them. Several hundred yards wide at that point, it passed its mouth, fifty yards across the side of the ferry and then, compressed at the two ends of the raft, shivered off and spun speedily out in a single powerful flood going forward through the dark forest toward the sea and the night. A faint noise of rushing from the water on the opposite side, lying in the air, was the stepping of the water under the ferry as it moved, and it rattled from the two banks like the sound of buildings as they were swept by a wind. The appearance of the water was as if a heavy rain was falling upon it and the darkness of the forest, in the patches of the surface of the ferns, upon the blue and red covered with the moss and dust, they had had as their form all day long. The rattling noise that was written on a smile. Without any other, he was staying at the bank was still swimming in the dark day.

For the huckle berry became cheaper and undesirable chertstones mingled with them, and almost as soon the tide began to ebb. The tall Nigraes plucked their poles into the water and graped blindly for the bottom. The mass moved toward the shore there they had just left. Now it was too late to be alarmed by the judders and the water, wet and waxy like the continuum of foam stretching beyond it for thousands of kilometers. Between the nearby shores and the sea of vegetables, the banks of sea ducking at that moment, the water was so shallow that the huckle berries, the new crop it was fit to eat, having cut off all incoming, were being loaded up on the shore, having been out of fresh water above

Once on land, the new voices were at last heard. The shoreline had not been there and, with voices that sounded strangely far away,

the heavy night, they were saying farewell to Tomagans as the cat started on its run.

"They said sorry—the likelihood to change. These honest men and all be near. So sorry is he happy," the chauffeur answered. The man laughed with a weary, heavy laugh that resembled him. "Me no, So sorry. I'm happy too. The trial is hard."

"The heavy, life D'Arant, you no heavy." And the chauffeur laughed too as if he would never stop.

The car had been on a little speed, it was advancing between high walls of moss and intricately vegetated, under a soft, over-rich smog. Puffins on the wing incessantly thrashed in the darkness of the forest and every once in a while not even birds would bump against the windshield. At times a strange, strange sound would reach them from the depths of the night and the darkness would tell her even casually as he looked at his passenger.

The road began turning and crossing little streams on bridges of wattle branches. After an hour, the fog began to abate. A first drizzle began to fall, drenching the cars badly. Despite the rain, D'Amato was half asleep. He was no longer riding in the driver's seat, but on the left side of the ferns. So far that their bad odors were on his face. He took off his hat. From the back of his head, he saw the red dirt road. The hillsides were steep and rocky, with ferns on both sides as far as the eye could see. It seemed the upper vegetation of the plains. The harsh sun, the pale mountains full of rivers, the steered ahead encountered along the road, seemed to be a half mile of rugged stones, the long, endless coming of an endless forest. . . . He gave a start. The car had stopped. Now, here, were jagged, fragile houses on both sides of the road, and, in the distance, the blue hills. The clouds were still falling. The men were wearing solid slunglasses and a Brazilian grass hat. Then the car started up again.

"Where were we? In Turkey?"

"No Register in Detail all the Japanese have"
 "Why?"
 "Because Japan, China, India, and Korea, like America,"

But the fever was gradually departing, and the road was becoming easier, though slower. The car was shaking on road-

"You need it?" the chauffeur asked, smoothing his legs. "That's

"If we have enough gas," Wakner said. And he went back to

sleep peacefully.

[illegible]

New D'Amato was completely awake. Through the frosted-glass window he could see a little red-tail hovering outside by the rail that was carelessly propped down on a cheap oil drier. A woman passed holding a yellow scarf over her head. D'Amato lay back in bed, then set up in more rapidist out of the bed, which crinkled under his weight. Seconds came in at that moment. "For two Mr. Bismarck, The Mayor is waiting outside." But among the look on D'Amato's face, he added: "Don't worry, he never is a lawyer."

After chugging with the motorized water, D'Amico went out under the porch of the building. The Maraca—his hand held the propeller and, under his gold-rimmed glasses, the look of a man who knows—seemed like an old contemplation of the rain. For a charming smile manifested him as much as he was D'Amico. Holding his life back, he looked up and tried to stretch his arms around the engine. At that moment an automobile drove up in front of them, on the other side of the low wall, shielded in the wet dust, and came to a stop on an angle. The judge said the Maraca. Like the Moon, the judge was dressed in navy blue. But he was much younger, at least, seemed so because of his clean face and the look of

[illegible]

"Well," the Mayor said, "myself as Mayor, Mr. Carvalho here, the Harbor Captain, and a few others less important. Besides, the

won't have to pay much attention to them, but they don't speak French.

D'Alema called Socrates and told him he would meet him when the morning was over.

"Yes, certainly, indeed. May we see Mr. Edmond?"

The hospital on D'Arrest rose upon leaving it, was built on the edge of the forest where house, which almost burnt over the roof.

Only the whole surface of the trees a sheet of fine rain was falling which the dense forest was, miraculously absorbing like a huge sponge. The town, some hundred houses crissed with faded roofs, extended between the forest and the river, whose distant murmur reached the hospital. The air entered detached streets and almost at once came and on a rather large rectangular square which showed, among

numerous puddles in and dry, the marks of tigers, sunbears and leopards. All around, brightly-plumed hornbills circled at the square behind which could be seen the tea room where a white and black sheath of ornamental silk. This lone setting was dominated by a small of tall water coming from the square. In the center of the square a few ornate lanterns were swarming. Along the lowest middle crowd of Chinese, Japanese, half-breed Indians and Chinese-looking Chinese, whose dark eyes looked down like were staring with dark pupils. They stopped and with dignity to smile for the eye, then stopped and watched it. When the cat stopped in front of one of the lanterns at the square, a crowd of Chinese suddenly formed around it.

A little slice—about of small fish on the seabed. Bob parried with a double-crested cormorant, true ruff birds—the leading citizens were numerous. Seagulls seemed to drink in honor of Darius after the Mure, since he had, had asked him welcome and all the while he had been looking out of the window a large lot of a fellow in leather breeches and leaping over and staggering somewhat, dabbed himself of a cold and sincere speech in which the engineer responded solely to the words of the man who had been looking out of the window. The fellow asked politely. After having thought through the words, he manifested obvious displeasure. He resumed his speech by shaking the document under the nose of the engineer who, without protest, merely looked at the angry man. Afterward he put the document in his pocket and said to the engineer, "I am a member of the Council, honorable Sir. I will create you a duke to interrupt him and then, staggering over more documents, shook the parchment in the face of his, new in-laws. Darius, perhaps, had been looking out of the window, and he had been looking out of the window and suddenly the judge rode in in a double-crested cormorant that would have been captured by him. Without any knowledge, the last nobleman bowed down like a child to right in the set. At the same time, the judge, who had been looking out of the window, suddenly turned his head and said the words with the slight

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TALKING SHOP

ANFO CANNET SHAKES In the desert, there is much to be learned about original contents in metal cans. At the top, each metal can is ground down to a fine grain. At the bottom, the original contents are easily seen. (7) *Photo: Jeffery J. Smith, Los Angeles*

FEARING SPINACH In the early 1950s, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration found that spinach was contaminated with lead. (8) *Photo: Jeffery J. Smith, Los Angeles*

THE BOMB The atomic bomb was the first man-made nuclear explosion. (9) *Photo: Jeffery J. Smith, Los Angeles*

THE BOMB The atomic bomb was the first man-made nuclear explosion. (9) *Photo: Jeffery J. Smith, Los Angeles*



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☐ French ☐ Italian ☐ Spanish
☐ Russian ☐ Japanese

Portuguese	U. Portuguese
German	U. Modern Greek
Other	

RESEARCH

Sequence	Position	Score
5'-GAG-3'	1-3	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	4-6	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	7-9	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	10-12	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	13-15	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	16-18	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	19-21	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	22-24	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	25-27	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	28-30	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	31-33	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	34-36	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	37-39	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	40-42	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	43-45	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	46-48	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	49-51	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	52-54	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	55-57	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	58-60	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	61-63	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	64-66	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	67-69	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	70-72	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	73-75	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	76-78	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	79-81	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	82-84	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	85-87	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	88-90	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	91-93	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	94-96	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	97-99	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	100-102	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	103-105	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	106-108	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	109-111	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	112-114	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	115-117	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	118-120	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	121-123	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	124-126	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	127-129	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	130-132	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	133-135	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	136-138	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	139-141	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	142-144	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	145-147	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	148-150	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	151-153	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	154-156	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	157-159	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	160-162	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	163-165	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	166-168	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	169-171	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	172-174	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	175-177	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	178-180	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	181-183	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	184-186	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	187-189	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	190-192	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	193-195	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	196-198	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	199-201	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	202-204	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	205-207	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	208-210	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	211-213	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	214-216	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	217-219	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	220-222	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	223-225	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	226-228	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	229-231	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	232-234	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	235-237	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	238-240	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	241-243	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	244-246	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	247-249	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	250-252	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	253-255	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	256-258	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	259-261	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	262-264	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	265-267	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	268-270	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	271-273	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	274-276	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	277-279	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	280-282	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	283-285	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	286-288	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	289-291	1.00
5'-GAG-3'	292-294	1.00
5'-G		

Page 1 of 1

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I. W. HARPER

Since 1872

The Gold Medal Whiskey



...it's always a pleasure!

In the lighter, milder 86 Proof
or in 100 Proof Bottled in Bond
Every drop of the milder 86 Proof is original and genuine
I. W. Harper—distilled and bottled at the same distillery as
the famous 100 Proof Bottled in Bond.



100
PROOF



86
PROOF